

## **Bear Quartet**

### **"I'm Not In Here With You"**

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Seems the sickness within each year  
Has got what it takes  
To make the go-getters volunteer  
Applauding their own cynical skills  
Let's drop the bomb,  
Their future's on  
Let's drop the bomb  
Because dusted off opinions  
Are way around  
Desperate for some moral ground  
I detest everything they've blessed  
I abhor everything they stand for

A few degrees of rottenness  
Is what separates  
Their lives from their deaths

To many free market conquerors  
And inventors of government bluffs  
Are looked up upon:  
They know the job and get it done  
With cheap convenience and racing airwaves  
I overslept my going for vengeance  
Rightful retaliation  
I would like to enter their vicious circle  
With the adrenaline rush of a great beserker  
They seek profit, they think global  
But see poverty as a personal failure and shame

A few degrees of rottenness  
Is what separates  
Their lives from their deaths

So call me killjoy  
But there's a certain happiness and success  
I'd like to destroy

A few degrees of rottenness  
Is what separates  
Their lives from their deaths  
Maybe I'm only one of many

Who's started to reconsider murder  
The harder it gets  
The more they tend to look like  
Moving targets

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